

H. 16.

THE STATE EMPERICK A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Which no body can deny.*

[1]
From over the Seas not long since there came,
A Doctor of most *Notorious Fame*,
If you please, you may guess at his *Un-Christian name*.
Which no body can deny.

[2]
This Doctor came hither to cure three Nations,
Who were so Silly as to be his *Patients*;
And first he *Blooded* 'em for the *Fashions*.
Which, &c.

[3]
The Med'cine he brought was called a *PLOT*,
Which was compounded of the *Devil* knows what:
When first he Arriv'd it was *riping-Hot*.
Which, &c.

[4]
But if We may guess at the *Damn'd Composition*,
'Twas a mess of all sorts of *English Sedition*,
Made by a *Presbyterian Physician*.
Which, &c.

[5]
To make each Dose go down the safer,
What do's me still This *Learned Gaffer*,
But Cover it o'r with a *Papist's Water*.
Which, &c.

[6]
As soon as 'twas Swallow'd, the *Patient* began,
To Stare and to Talk like a *Lunatick Man*,
Of *Pistols* and *Daggers*, to Kill and *Trepan*.
Which, &c.

[7]
To some 'twas *Fmetick*, to others *Cathartick*;
(I mean, to all those who of it did partake;)
In short, it made every *Honest Mans* heart-ake.
Which, &c.

[8]
To say truth we were all in a filthy Condition,
This voided a *Libel*, that Spew'd a *Petition*,
For which we may thank in part our *Physician*.
Which, &c.

[9]
At last it made our Blood so ferment,
That a *Rancorous Sore* from Men's Body's was sent:
The *Ulcer*, I mean, of a *strange Parliament*.
Which, &c.

[10]
It's *Venom* upon each *Member* was shed;
The Body it almost had over-spread,
Nay, it had e'en like to have seiz'd on the *Head*.
Which, &c.

[11]
But one wiser then all, did gi't such a *Thump*,
That it burst and went out, just next to the *Rump*,
Which made with Joy ev'ry *Loyal Heart Jump*.
Which, &c.

[12]
This *Ulcer* was full of *Pistol* and *Sword*,
With *Blunderbuss* and with your things made of *Board*;
Your *Protestant Flays* to Fight for the *Lord*.
Which, &c.

[13]
O Doctor! I fear, you study'd *Art Magick*,
To *Compas* your Ends, which still were so *Tragick*:
But now it is hop'd that we may lead You-a-fig.
Which, &c.

[14]
Or else I am sure, without being uncivil,
A Man my believe you deal with the *Devil*,
For no body else could have wrought us such *Evil*.
Which, &c.

[15]
Your *Canting* was *Charm*, *Rebellion* your *Witch*,
With these you gave the *Poor Rabble* the *Itch*,
When like *Emp'rick* on *Seage* you made 'em a *Speech*.
Which, &c.

[16]
Y're *filtd* you see by *Faction* your *Whore*,
Your little *Tap-Pug* can help you no more:
Hell ow's Bosh a *Spite*, and will pay ye the score.
Which no body can deny.